Meekly

without slight twinges of conscience for allowing the mistake to pass, and taking advantage of it.

My first daty next morning was to seek some knight of the razor. I had noticed a pleasant little shop at no great distauce from the hotel, in my walk the previous day. Thinking that I should do no better by looking further, I repaired to that. There was in attendance a boy about twelve years of age, who stated that his father, the proprietor of the shop, had gone to a neighboring city, and would not return before noon. Without any heaitation I asked for the loan of a razor, and proceeded to operate on myself. While thus occupied, customers began to present themselves, expressing great dissatisfaction on learning how matters stood. Now, although I am a prond man, I am not, thank God, cursed with that species of vanity which prevents a man's doing certain kinds of honest labor, simply because they are not genteel. Here was an opportunity afforded me to at least earn the price of my breakfast. I took advantage of it. Told the first man who entered after I had completed shaving myself, I would shave him. I did so. In fact, I did quite a brisk business for a couple of hoors; and if any of the unfortunate individuals who came under my hand had any doubt of my fitness for the business, they certainly expressed none. At the expiration of this time, I began to think I had done sufficient, and feeling rather hungry, having had no breakfast, I divided the proceeds with the boy, and prepared to return to my hotel. But I was not done yet. As I was brushing my hat, a young and dandified specimen of humanity came in; resolved that he should be the last, I went to work upon him. When he came to pay me, I was, to say the least, somewhat surprised to see him deliberately produce my own pocket-isook—the one I had lost. Standing on no ceremony, I snatched it from his hand, and demanded, in no gentle tone, how it came in his possession.

Without stopping to reply, other than by a volley of imprecations as he reached the door, he



SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

(TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 15.

as I stepped up to inquire how much I should pay, drawing forth my solitary shipplaster. "Oh," said she, with a smile and a slight blush, "we do not charge ministers anything." It was not a bad joke; but I suppressed the laugh that rose to my lips, and thanking her for the consideration shown to the clergy, I turned about and retraced my steps to the hotel, not without slight twinges of conscience for allowing the mistake to pass, and taking advantage of it. Choice Loetry.

LOCKS OF MAIR.

You've often heard me promise, Fred, One day to tell you where, And from what precious heads I shred These treasured locks of heir. Well, now the time has come at last— Your birth-day festival

as blithely come and swiftly passed. And you shall know them all. Twelve years have fleeted, since I bowed
In tearless grief my knee
Beside our dying sire, and vowed
A parent a care for thee;
And I remember how you tried,
Till even the mentals wept,
To wake our father when he died,
And said, "he only slept."

This short, enried lock, half dark, half gray, I elipped it from his brow;
I've kept it sacred till to-day—
We will divide it low:
And when you look upon it. Fred,
Still think you hear the voice.
That with its dying accents said,
"My Father, bless my boys."

This raven braid belonged to one
You never knew, my brother;
She only blessed her new harn son,
And died—our sainted mother?
She left us, but with us she left
A fairer, tenderer flower;
But like a benefit of the sainter flower; A fairer, tenderer flower; But like a plant of sun bereft,

Spring's buds around our mother's tomb Came just in time to wave; We saw the flowers of Autumn bloom Upon our sister's grave. My boy, your tears are falling fast On yonder golden tress; It is a relic, and the last, Of her lost loveliness.

And this long, waving, silken curl—
Ah! this you must not share—
You never saw the angel girl
Who gave this anburn hair.
My beautiful! my blessed one!
And she, too, passed away:
I tried to breathe. "Thy will be done,"
But it was hard to say.

O, by how weak and fasil a thing
The heart's depths may be stirred!
How close and long will memory cling
To one light look or word!
And are not these slight looks with more
Of spirit meaning fraught.
Than all the mystic, lettered lore
That sages ever taught!

Well, they are happy now, dear boy, Their ransomed souls are free; They feel no more earth's hollow joy, And real misery. Our barks are struggling slow as shore, By storm and tempost driven; But they have passed life's occan o'er, And anchored safe in Heaven.

Select Story.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

"Is this seat engaged, sir f"
I glancel up from the paper I was reading, and
not the smiting regard of a genial looking gentle-

man in the prime of life. With your permission, then," as he scated uself beside me.

"It is not, sir." "It is not already started, and presently the conductor made his appearance collecting the trekets. Reaching us, he detarched the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing the trekets. Reaching us, he detarched the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing the trekets. Reaching us, he detarched the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing the trekets. Reaching us, he detarched the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing the trekets. Reaching us, he detarched the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing the trekets. The fact that the six not the tree of the t

In due time I found myself at Lauderdale; went to the best hotel; telegraphed for money; and wrote an explanatory letter to my partner. This business attended to, I sailed out to see what sort of a place Landerdale city might be. There was nothing to do but amuse myself as best I could until the money should come, so I determined to make the most of my voluntary holiday.

Mines to make the most of my country and ay.

As I strolled leisurely up the main street, a newsboy darted out of a paper office, crying—

"Daily Banner—extra edition—all about the
murder—great accident on the E—road! etc., etc.
Have an extra?"

Have an extra? It took the sheet and thrust my hand in my pocket for the money, without a moment's thought. You may imagine my feelings when compelled to return that two penny bit to the boy, with the muttered excuse that I had no change, and the utter contemptuous expression on the boy's face as he received it. I immediate, stoned into the office of the Daily Resure, and wrote a paragraph of my recent mishap, taking care to make it as amusing as possible. When completed, I handed it to the clerk. He read it, langhed, and took it into his private office. Coming back a few minutes later, he told the bookakeeper to give me fifty centa. It was not much, but more than I expected. Well, I continued my walk until I finally reached the end of the street, which terminates at the S—river, here apanaded by a long bridge. I crossed the bridge, and was surprised to see, upon reaching the opposite side, that I would be required to pay toll. A young girl came up to the door of the little office

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1872.

THE CUESTS OF THE MEART. Soft falls through the gathering twilight,
The rain from the dripping caves,
And stirs, with a tremulous rustle.
The dead and the dying leaves:
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells.
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That fitfally rises and swells.

Miscellany.

They call and they answer each other— They answer and mingle again— And the deep and the shrill in an anthem Make harmony atill in their strain; As the voices of sentinels mingle In mountainous regions of snew, Till from hill-doy to hall-top a chorus Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadowa, the fire-light of even.
The sound of the wind a distant chim
Come bringing, with rain safuly drippid
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The alumberous acuse of seclusion,
From storms and idiruders alouf,
We feel, when whe hear in the midnigl
The patter of rain on the roof,

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings.
To take all its wanderers home.
Or, sfar in the regions of fancy.
Delights on swift pinions to roam.
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me.
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening.
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish.
The snille, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander;
And thus I am never alone,

With those who have left far behind them The joys and the serrows of time.
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels.
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O, evening of Autumn,
Your rain; and your shadows may fall:
My loved and my lost ones you bring meMy beart holis a feast with them all.

when be a lost of work upon him. We not to work upon him. We have been been problem of the second of

sion, and exhibits himself to all the world in the public streets with hardly an attendant. He is going to France. Thorace Greeley is the Democratic aware that a virtnens conductor take and all rebelloum huran-has for him. He—month of the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and all rebelloum huran-has for him. He—month of the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and with a conditing simplicity born of unter the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and all rebelloum huran-has for him. He—month of the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and all rebelloum huran-has for him. He—month of the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and with a conditing simplicity born of unter with these mututored children of Africa, for the influence of a dream early killed his wife, and with a conditing simplicity born of unter with these mututored children of Africa, for the influence of a dream early killed his wife. He was all with these mututored children of Africa, for the influence of a dream early killed his wife. Alton and 8t. Louis railroad, who was newly on tell may be true all things. I am a gently down; but the influence of a dream early killed his wife. Alton and 8t. Louis railroad, who was newly was housed clearly by their looks and expressions that they thought me a sneaking rogue who would steal a passage if he could. They paid memey; why should not I pay mine? Few men would steal a passage if he could. They paid memey; why should not I pay mine? Few men would sever see heaven if judgment was repeted by a jury—except themselves.

My search for the lost ticket had brought to light about a dollar and eighty cents. This I told the conductor was every cent I had about me. He said it was about fifty cents short of the usual fare to Landerdale city, but that he would may be a seed as the standard of the conductor was every cent I had about me. He said it was about fifty cents short of the usual fare to Landerdale city, but that he would would come to an end in agust. At this juncture a De

Prom the Tointo Blade 1 Mr. Nasby Hies Him to the Cross-Bonds, to Save His People from Wandering into By and Porbidden Paths.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY.)

Sept. 7, 1872.)

I felt fearful that the Looisville Convenshun wood play smash with our peeple at the Corners, and it wux dec.aed the best thing to do wood be to go ther immejit, and stop watever mite be goin rong. The grate and good Greeley wux anxious I shood go. "It wood brake my hart," sed the good old man, "ef Kentucky shood go agin me, throo any mistake. I love Kentucky. In a long and bixsy life av fifty years, I wux born in Kentucky, and on returnin to my native State—"

Here I stopped him. Sence his trip up in Noo Hampsheer, the good old man her fallen into a habit uv bein born in every State he happens to be talkin about.

habit uv bein born in every State he happens to be talkin about.

Things wur a little pekoolyer at the Corners. The niggers and the Northern settlers all took the Triboos, and the nominashen uv Greeley hed onsettled em. They wantid to vote for the old man, and I took mighty good pains to fix things for em. I ashoured em that we hed experienced a change nv hart—that the era uv good feelin wuz now about to be inoggerated, and that the nominashen uv Greeley wuz a berrying uv the hatchet. Joe Bigler profest to be satisfied, and I felt that I hed em. Hentz my anexiety for fear the Losisville Couvenshun mite onsettle our peeple, and lead em to do suthin wich wood destroy my arrangements.

I packt my valeese and startid. I arrived in I packt my valeese and startid. I arrived in Looisville in doo time, and on the cars for Secessionville, (wich is the nearest stashen to the Corners,) I met Kernel Mcl'elter. I waz glad to see the Kernel. He waz from my home, and his face brot to my mind a thousand plesant reckeleeshuns, and beside, his flask hed been freshly filed. The Kernel confirmed all I hed feared. The Dimocrisy uv the Corners hed taken the Looisvillle Convenshun to be the actooal genooine simon-pure Dimocratic Convenshun, hed repoodiated Greeley, and waz to hev a mass Convenshun to ratify O'Conor and Adams that aftermon. Ez he conclooded his statement, the ears glode into Secessionville, and we got off.

THE OLD SCHOOL WOUSE.

On the village green it stood.

And a tree was at the door.

Whose cooling shadows, broad and good.

Reached far along the floor

Of the school room, when the gain

Put on his crimeon vest.

And his daily labors door.

Like a monarch sank to rest

How the threshold wood was worn, How the lintel post dacayed, By the tread, at eve and morn, Of the feet that o'er it strayed— By the presence of the crowd Within the portal small— By the joy's emerald shroud, That wrapp'd and darken'd all!

That school house dim and old, How many years have flown, Since in its little fold. My name was kindly known. How different it stems. From what it used to be, When gay as morning dreams, We play'd around the tree!

How we watched the lengthen'd ray
Through the dusty window pane;
How we longed to be away.
And sport upon the plain;
To leave the weary books.
And the master's carreful eye.
For the flowers and brooks,
And the cool and open sky.

Alas! where now are they—My early contrades dear!
Departed far away,
And I alone am here.
Some are in distant climes,
And seme in churchyard cold;
Yet it tells of happy times,
That school house dim an old.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE SUN.

From the London Spectator, August 3. When we consider the intense heat which has prevailed in Europe during July, and the circumstance that in America, also, the heat has been excessive, insomuch that in New York the number of deaths during the week ending July 6, was three times greater than the average, we are

lustre exceeding a hundred fold that which they

GROSINE.

lustre exceeding a hundred fold that which they formerly possessed. It would be equally unpleasant for ourselves whether the sun tost the best part of his heat, and presently went out altogether, or whether he suddenly grew fifty fold brighter and hotter than he now is. Yet in the present position of sidereal astronomy, it is quite impossible to assert confidently that one event or the other might not take place at any time.

Fortunately, we may view this matter (just as astronomers have learned to view the prospect of mischievous collisions with comets) as a question of probabilities. Among so many thousands of stars there have been so many outbursts of light and fire, so many sudden defalcations of splendor; our sun is one of those thousands, and, so far as we know, takes his chance with the rest. Precisely, then, as we derive confidence from the law of probabilities, that since so many only out of so many millions perish by lightning or any other specified form of injury, any individual person is unlikely to perish in that particular way; so may we reason about our sun, that since only a small proportion of his fellow suns undergo disastrous changes, he is unlikely to be one of the unfortunates. It may be that one of these days, when we obtain clearer ideas of the structure of the sidereal universe than we at present possess we may obtain more satisfactory reasons for confidence. The analysis of stars with the spectroscope, the recently proposed process of star-ganging, the application of new methods of determining star motion; these and other researches may show what are the conditions in plished, a large majority of the planetary system.

with the spectroscope, the recently proposed process of star-ganging, the application of gew melhods of determining star motion; the and other researches may show what are the conditions which render a sun's tenure of office procarious. Let it be hoped that when this has been accomplished, a large majority of the conditions in question will be found, in the case of our own sun, to be favorable to the perma@nee of his position as fire, light and life of the planetary system.

HORACK GRKELEV AND HANK MONK.

From a thousand platforms on the Pacific slope will be told during the present campaign the ancetode of Horace Greecelys ride from Carson to Placerville, and as often as it is told the bush-whacking orators of Democracy will deduct from the threadbare story the pointless moral of "Keep yourly seat, Horace, and well get you through on time"—whereat the rabble will applicable milk, they know not wherefore. We are not any oratorical pumper of the threads, not any oratorical pumper of the standard representation of the formation, and the strate; but we are compelled to use the anecdotic in question in order to render an account of an interview with Mr. Greely generally intelligible. By so doing we trust that it will not be considered that we have wantonly encroached upon the prerugatives of Democratic stump orators, the prevue of the pre

ationt farming.

In the fall of 1869, we met Hank Monk at Reno, as we were about leaving for the East. With the recollection of that ride fresh in his memory, and a sentiment of fellowship toward his illustrious passenger, with whom he had passed hand

A NERAP.

WHOLE NUMBER, 795.

Just across the way, the starlight Lingurs on a dear old cot; But in here, and all is dark night. For the heart lamp burneth not.

Burneth not; ah, no! nor never Will its pure light warm the soul; For grim death, that hearis can seve Can with shadows blacken all.

All our life hopes he hath shrended, And his chilly, toy breath Makes our sky, once bright, all clouded With the sombre pall of death.

Yet again the night comes slowly Down upon the resting world, With response for high or lowly, Laxary nursed or tempost harled.

Hushed is every day-voice, sleeping. Are the memories of to-day: Are the pule stars quiet, peopling. Where the dreamy shadows play.

Now the heart, released from sorrow, Wanders out among the stars, And no said thoughts for the morrow, All this living beauty mars.

Thanking God for this pure hearity, Sinking on the fair world's breast, Sorrow fled—repledge to dairy. And in dreamland's dream of rost.

BEACON BROSS

Why He don't Like Grant - A Scrap of Elistory

is in the power of the Ecening Post to tell, and thus it contributes to the history of the Great Laberal Movement.

Some ten years ago General Grant was in command at Cairo, and received instructions from General Halleck, then in charge of the Western Department, to make a demonstration against Columbus, Ky., to prevent the garrison at that point from being weakened to reinforce Bowling Green, against which place General Buell was then moving. To make the movement a success, it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should be led to believe it no feint, but a serious operation. Gen. C. H. Smith was marching from Panincal, across the Kentneky, and General Oglesby from Bird's Point through Missouri, General Grant in person taking command of the expedition by river, a flotilla of transports guarded by gunboats. To maintain the secrecy necessary to success, orders were issued that no civilians whomsoever should be permitted to accompany the expedition. Governor Bross was then at Cairo. Governor Bross, in the pre-Horation age, was a power on the Tribuse. What he wrote was sure to appear, numangled by seissors and numutilated by pencil. Nay, his very articles on Calorado and the Canadian canals eluded the waste-basket. That any general order excluding the press should apply to the Tribuse, or that Governor Bross should apply to the Tribuse, or that Governor Bross should be included in the common category of civilians, seemed too absurd for General Became icy in his determination.

The General became icy in his determination.

The General became icy in his determination.

The control of the co